

AUTUMN  
ISSUE  
No. 16

10¢

# BLACKHAWK

HUDDLES  
*for*  
ACTION!





**WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM**







BLACKHAWK

# BLACKHAWK



## NEW WORLDS TO CONQUER!

The tireless spirit of adventure in man looks toward the heavens at the next frontier of the race!

Maybe it is foolish — maybe it is glorious — but the mighty, flying fighting **BLACKHAWKS** help a pioneer of the inter-planar spaces on his way **OUT OF THIS WORLD!**



# BLACKHAWK

At home on Blackhawk Island, the greatest troupe of adventurers in world history confer—

HYER SAN TOAST TO US--- DAS **BLACK-HAWKS!** WE SAN FIGHT AND FLY ON LAND, SEA AND IN DER AIR!

EVER THINK THAT THERE MAY BE GREATER ADVENTURES WAITING **BEYOND** LAND, SEA AND AIR?



SINCE NOW, YOU NEAR OUT OF DE ATMOSPHERE! DE FLIGHT TO DE STARS! SEE SUCH A THING POSSIBLE YET!

I WOULDN'T BE SURPRISED—FROM WHAT I'VE HEARD OF THE ROCKET EXPERIMENTS OF MAYNARD TROYER!



Others know the name Blackhawk has spoken! In a government laboratory—

THIS IS A POWERFUL ROCKET FUEL! IT CAN DO SCIENTIFIC WONDERS! OR, IN THE WRONG HANDS, SCIENTIFIC TERRORS!

BUT NO PRIVATE EXPERIMENTER HAS EVER GONE SO FAR—EXCEPT MAYNARD TROYER—AND WE CAN TRUST HIS GOOD SENSE AND HONESTY!



Still another conference—

YOU PAID US TO WORK FOR YOU, MR. MORTIS! WHAT'S THE KNOCKOVER TO BE—A BANK—A JEWELRY STORE—OR A—

NONE OF THESE! WE'RE GOING INTO THE COUNTRY TO THE LONELY LABORATORY OF MAYNARD TROYER!



WHAT'S THE TROYER GUY GOT THAT HE WANT, MR. MORTIS!

**POWER!**





So serious yells lead to the laboratory of Maynard Trevor...

YOU AND I ARE GOING TO VISIT MAYNARD TREVOR, BLACKHAWK? YOU INTERESTED IN FLYING "NOBODY'S SPACE"?

COULD BE, CHUCK. ANYWAY, TREVOR AND I ARE OLD FRIENDS. I WANT TO SEE HOW HE'S GETTING ALONG!



SEE YOU LATER, GANG!



YOU THINK WE CAN WORK OUT THE DIFFICULTY IN THE NEW FORMULA?

MAYBE WE CAN'T! BUT I'LL TALK TO TREVOR! I'M SURE HE'LL BE GLAD TO HELP US!



WHO'S THAT GUY COMING, BOB?

WHOEVER HE IS, HE'S WALKING INTO BAD LUCK! BE READY TO ELIMINATE HIM FROM OUR LITTLE DRAMA!



HE NEVER KNEW WHAT HIT HIM!

A LITTLE NOISY, BUT HEAT! MAYNARD TREVOR WILL WONDER WHAT'S HAPPENING AT HIS FRONT GATE.



THAT SOUNDED LIKE GUNSHOTS OUTSIDE! WHAT CAN BE HAPPENING?



HAS THERE BEEN AN ACCIDENT OUT HERE?

ACCIDENT? NOT AT ALL! IT HAPPENED DELIBERATELY!





ALLOW ME? MY NAME IS WORTH'S. I WANT TO HELP YOU -- PERHAPS FINANCE YOU -- IN MAKING YOUR DREAMS OR FLIGHT TO OTHER WORLDS COME TRUE."

"YOU'RE A MURDERER AND A CRIMINAL. I WON'T HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH YOU."

"SORRY, BUT I'M AFTER YOUR DISCOVERIES AND WHAT THEY'LL BRING! YOU'LL COOPERATE OR MY FRIENDS MAY GET VIOLENT."

"LONG AGO, I MADE UP MY MIND! IF IT'S A CHOICE OF WORKING WITH SOME ONE LIKE YOU OR DYING HONOR, I'LL DIE READILY! START SHOOTING YOU DEVIL!"

"AS FOR YOU, YOU FAT TOAD -- OHHH!"

"EXCELLENT! TE HIM UP! WHEN HE RESISTS, MAYBE HE'LL BE MORE REASONABLE!"

"I'LL TAKE HIM TO THE CAR."

"AND YOU GO INTO HIS HOUSE, GATHER UP ALL HIS PAPERS! AND BRING THEM ALONG! WE'LL GO WHERE NOBODY CAN TRACE HIM OR US!"

"Meanwhile --"

"WE CAN LAND IN THAT OPEN FIELD, BLACKHAWK."

"AND JUST BEYOND IS TROVER'S PLACE! IT'LL BE GOOD TO SEE HIM AGAIN!"

"A DEAD MAN? IS IT TROVER?"

"NOT BUT I RECOGNIZE HIM! HE'S A GOVERNMENT EXPERT ON ROCKET FUEL! COME ON -- LET'S FIND TROVER!"

"TROVER'S NOT HERE! DO YOU THINK HE CALLED THAT MAN?"

"I DON'T KNOW! WHAT IMPRESSES ME IS THAT ALL OF HIS NOTES ON HIS EXPERIMENTS SEEM TO BE GONE, TOO."





LOOK--ON THE ROAD BELOW THERE'S A CAR SPEEDING AWAY!

SUCK BEEP-- COMBINEE ME THAT SOMETHING'S WRONG! QUICK, RETURN TO THE PLANE! WE'RE FOLLOWING THAT CAR!



WHAT PLANE IS THAT?

I DON'T KNOW, BUT IT'S ON OUR TAIL! GET ON A TIRE ROAD THROUGH BRICKEN COUNTRY-- SOMEWHERE TO SLIP OUT OF SIGHT!



WE'VE STILL GOT THEM IN SIGHT, BLACKHAWK! BUT THE COUNTRY IS FULL OF ROCKS AND THICKETS! WE CAN'T GO LAND!



THAT ROAD RUNS A LONG WAY WITHOUT A CROSSROAD! TAKE THE CONTROLS AND FLY AHEAD, WHILE I PUT ON THIS PARA-CHUTE! YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO, CHUCK!



ROGER!



I'M IN THE ROAD AHEAD OF THEM! BUT MAYBE THEY WON'T STOP AT MY SIGNAL!



WHAT ARE YOU DOING UP THERE?



I NEED YOUR HELP! SOMEBODY HAS KILLED, BACK AT THE GATE OF WAYNAD TROVER'S HOME!

PERHAPS MR. TROVER HIMSELF CAN EXPLAIN THAT! HE'S HERE IN THE CAR WITH US!





TROVER? WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM?

AS I PLANNED, THIS HAS THROWN HIM OFF GUARD?



THE MAN AND PUT HIM IN WITH TROVER? THEN GET GOING!

An interval of blank darkness — then consciousness fights its way back to the stunned brain —



WHAT HAPPENED?

BLACKHAWK? MY OLD FRIEND? THANK HEAVEN YOU'RE ALIVE! WE'RE BOTH PRISONERS OF A MAN NAMED MORTIS!



HE WANTS MY ROCKET DISCOVERIES! HE'S KILLED ONE MAN WHO INTERFERED AND HE WILL KILL OTHERS IF NECESSARY!

I HEAR SW JABBERING IN THERE, BOYS. THEY'RE ANGRY!



IT'S TIME FOR ME TO EXPLAIN, HUH? WELL, THIS IS MY COUNTRY ESTHIS? TROVER I HAVE YOUR NOTES—AND I CAN PROVIDE MATERIALS, MACHINERY, EVERYTHING YOU NEED. I'M IN A POSITION TO SPEND ANY AMOUNT OF MONEY TO MAKE YOUR ROCKET FLYING A SUCCESS.

THE ANSWER IS STILL NO!



DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND?  
THIS MEANS YOU'LL HAVE  
MONEY TO MAKE YOUR  
FLIGHT ACROSS BORDERS  
SUCCESSFUL!

WHY  
ARE YOU SO  
INTERESTED?

TECHER, YOU'LL BE WORKING  
FOR **ME!** YOUR SUCCESS WILL  
BRING ME GLORY -- AND **POWER!**  
I WILL **LITERALLY**  
BE REACHING FOR THE  
MOON!

TECHER --

NEVER FEAR, BLACKHAWK!  
I'LL NOT WORK FOR THIS MAN!  
AND NO ONE ELSE CAN  
INTERPRET MY NOTES!

SO! THIS IS THE  
FAMOUS **BLACKHAWK**,  
BUT I DIDN'T REALIZE  
WE HAD SUCH A  
DISTINGUISHED  
GUEST!

YES! HIS EXAMPLE  
GIVES ME STRENGTH!  
I'LL DIE BY TORTURE  
BEFORE I'LL GIVE  
YOU MY DISCOVERY!

BUT SUPPOSE YOUR  
**DEAR FRIEND**  
**BLACKHAWK** DIES  
BY TORTURE? I DON'T  
SUPPOSE YOU'D DO  
ANYTHING TO SAVE  
HIM, EN?

THAT'S A COMBODLY  
BRUTAL TRICK,  
TECHER!

TAKE HIM INTO THE  
NEXT ROOM -- BUT NOT  
TOO FAR OUT OF  
TECHER'S  
EARSIGHT!

STICK TO YOUR  
JOB, TECHER! NOT A  
WORD OF YOUR  
DISCOVERIES TO THIS  
FATTENED SWINE!



# BLACKHAWK









# BLACKHAWK

Mortie's henchmen rally, but fall before the attack.

THAT TOUGH GUY CAN  
TENDER NOW, BY  
TIMING!



ALSO HIS  
ESPIONAGE  
GUN CHAMBER!

WAYNARD  
TROYER? I'LL  
SET YOU FREE  
IN A MOMENT!



TELL ME—IS  
BLACKHAWK  
SAFE?

HERE'S TROYER,  
HEN? HE'S  
WORRIED ABOUT  
BLACKHAWK!



THE LAST I SAW OF  
BLACKHAWK, HE WAS  
CHASING THAT FAT  
BOSS OF THE PLACE  
IN THE DIRECTION  
OF THE RAILROAD  
TRACKS!



YOU RUN FAST  
FOR A FAT MAN,  
MORTIE!

THE TRAIN  
WHISTLE! I'LL  
STILL ESCAPE!



SUCCESS?

YOU HAVEN'T SHAKEN  
ME OFF, YET?



FOLLOW ME  
UP IF YOU  
DARE!











BLACKHAWK

# BLACKHAWK



OUT OF THE MOUNTAINS CAME A MENACE UNLIKE ANY THAT THE BLACK-ARMS EVER  
FACED BEFORE! SHOOTING ON BRANTIC HUNTS, MIGHTY BIRDS OF PREY AND BALANCE  
UPON THE MACHINE-BIRDS THAT MEN CALLED PLANE! AND THE BLACK-ARMS, CHIEFS  
OF THE SILENT, SOARED TO DO BATTLE WITH WINGED CREATURES OF DESTRUCTION AND  
WITH THEIR HUMAN LEADER, THE ONE WHO CALLED HIMSELF

**THE CONDOR MAN!**



In the office of the Evening Courier...

I JUST WANT AN INTERVIEW, BLACKHAWK! IT'D BE A REAL SCOOP FOR ME, AND I KNOW OUR READERS WANT TO KNOW ALL ABOUT YOUR THRILLING EXPLOITS!

Twenty-four hundred dollars every...

THE ANSWER IS NO! DEFINITELY NO! I DON'T WANT ANY PUBLICITY FOR MYSELF OR ANY OF THE OTHER BLACKHAWKS! GOODBYE!



THAT'S THE EIGHTH TIME THAT GIRL REPORTER HAS CALLED ME BY SHORT NAME! SHE NEVER GIVES UP.

BY HEAVENS! SHE SAID BROOME A PEST!



WELL, THIS TIME SHE SHOULD BE CONVINCED! SURELY SHE WON'T TRY AGAIN!

I HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT, BLACKHAWK - BUT YOU CAN'T BE SURE ABOUT WOMEN!



WHAT'S YOUR DESTINATION, MISS LEWIS?

BLACKHAWK ISLAND! LET ME OFF AT MANDA ISLAND STOP. I'LL GO THE REST OF THE WAY BY BOAT. I BELIEVE I'LL FIND THE BLACKHAWK BASE NEARBY.

WHY? I WONDER IF BLACKHAWK KNOWS HE'S GETTING A VISITOR - AND SUCH A PRETTY ONE, TOO! IT'D BETTER LET HIM KNOW - AS ONE PLYER TO ANOTHER.

And so as the Island Clipper thunders toward Manda Island...

HOW? BLACKHAWK BE SURPRISED TO SEE ME!





BLACKHAWK

SO LONG,  
SAND!

HAHAHAHA!

Blackhawk is already  
preparing for his own  
departure.

TELL MISS DIANA LEWIS  
THAT I'VE GONE TO THE  
NORTH POLE FOR A  
VACATION AND I WON'T  
BE BACK FOR A HUNDRED  
AND THIRTY YEARS!

HE  
TELLS  
HER!

IT'S LUCKY THAT CLIPPER  
PILOT HEARD ME THAT  
THE HOPEFUL GIRL REPORTER  
WAS COMING! I'LL BET  
SHE'D HAVE SETTLED DOWN  
ON THE ISLAND FOR A  
LITTLE LIGHT HOUSE-  
KEEPING.

I'LL TAKE A FLYING TOUR  
OF THE ISLANDS FOR A  
FEW DAYS! THEN I'LL GO  
BACK HOME WHEN MISS  
DIANA LEWIS IS SAFELY  
ON HER WAY! AND I  
HOPE HE WON'T BE  
BOOTHERED BY HER  
AGAIN.

BLACKHAWK  
CERTAINLY  
FIGHTS  
OUT OF  
WOMEN!

YOU SAID  
BET! WHEN  
DIANA  
LEWIS  
WILL BE ONE  
VERY  
DESPAIRING  
WOMAN WHEN  
SHE ARRIVES  
AND NOT FIND  
BLACKHAWK.

IN THE  
NAME OF  
GLOP!  
WHAT'S  
THAT?

A GIANT  
CONDOR  
DIVE!

WE'RE CARRYING  
A LOAD OF  
HEAVY WEATHER.

I'LL START  
CLIMBING  
HIGHER.  
WE'LL  
FIND A HOLE  
IN THE  
CEILING.

MEANWHILE, AS THE ISLAND  
CLIPPER APPROACHES ITS  
DESTINATION.





HE'S BRINGING ON US!  
IF WE CAN ONLY REACH  
THAT CLOUD COVER.



HE'S  
GOT  
US!



IT'S SOME KIND  
OF MONSTER! HE-  
HE'S CARRYING US  
AS HE FLIES!

WHERE  
IS HE  
TAKING  
US?

IT'S  
HORRIBLE!



THERE'S NOTHING  
LIKE FLYING ALONE  
UP HERE IN THE  
WAVENESS OF  
SKY AND



GREAT GLORY! I  
MUST BE DOING  
SOME THING!



LOOK! IT'S  
ANOTHER  
PLANE!

SAVE US!



I HOPE I'M HAVING A NIGHT-  
MARE! BUT IF I'M NOT, THIS  
IS ONE WAY TO DEAL WITH IT!













"THE DIANA? ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?"

"SHE'S UNCONSCIOUS! SHE'D BETTER GET OUT BEFORE THE HERCULES EXPLODES!"

"I-I WONDER WHERE WE ARE AND WHAT NOTHING TO THE NOTHING LEFT?"



"THE CONDOR IS DYING! EVEN A KING-SIZE BIRD LIKE THAT CAN'T SWALLOW THAT MUCH LEAD!"

"THE ISLAND'S DESERTED! WE'RE HAZARDED!"



"I'M NOT SO SURE THE ISLAND IS DESERTED! THERE MUST BE SOME REASON WHY THE CONDOR FLEW BACK HERE! LET'S TAKE A LOOK AROUND!"



"STEPS... LEADING DOWN INTO A CAVE!"

"THERE DOESN'T SEEM TO BE ANY ALTERNATIVE! SO WE'LL GO DOWN!"



"I HEAR FOOTSTEPS! SOMEONE'S COMING! MY LITTLE PET MUST HAVE BROUGHT BACK SOMEONE ALIVE THIS TIME!"



"WELCOME MY TRUNK! I'M GLAD TO SEE MY CONDOR BROUGHT YOU HERE SAFELY! IT IS NOT HIS USUAL CUSTOM!"

"SO YOU KNOW ABOUT THE CONDOR?"



# BLACKHAWK

KNOW ABOUT HIM? WHY, I PRACTICALLY INVENTED HIM! I ENJOYED SOME SLIGHT ASSISTANCE FROM NATURE, WHICH CREATED THE BIRD, BUT HIS DEVELOPMENT FROM AN EMBRYO HAS BEEN MY SPECIAL PRIDE!



THEN YOU'D BETTER GO UPSTAIRS FOR A LAST LOOK AT YOUR PRISON AND JOY! HE'S NOW A CORPSE!



THE CONDOOR... DEAD? YOU KILLED HIM!



I'LL ADMIT HE PUT UP A GOOD FIGHT! HE WRECKED TWO PLANES AND KIDNAPPED ALL OF US BEFORE HE CASHED IN HIS CHIPS.



YOU'VE DESTROYED MY MASTERPIECE! YOU'LL PAY FOR THAT! I'VE A BULLET FOR EACH OF YOU!



DON'T TAKE SUCH AN IMPRISONED ATTITUDE, GET HE BAK.

NICE WORK, BLACKHAWK!



HEY!

YOU WONDERFUL MAN!



YOU WERE CONSCIOUS ALL THE TIME!

OF COURSE! IT WAS JUST SO THRILLING TO BE HELD IN YOUR ARMS! WAIT UNTIL MY FEMININE READERS HEAR ABOUT THIS!



NOW YOU'D BETTER DO SOME EXPLAINING—FAST! WHO ARE YOU? WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

I'LL TELL YOU, I'M NOT ASHAMED OF MY ACHIEVEMENTS!

SOON THE WORLD WILL KNOW OF MY GENIUS!



MY NAME IS KURO ROBERTS.  
YEARS AGO WHEN I WAS A  
YOUNG INVIC-O-DEIST I  
SPECIALIZED IN A STUDY OF  
THE BROWN GLAND.



"AFTER LONG TERRIBLE STRUGGLES I INVENTED  
A SERUM THAT ABNORMALLY ACTIVATED BROWN.  
MY FIRST SUCCESS WAS A RABBIT... IT GREW  
TO THE SIZE OF A LARGE WOLF."



THEY COLLEAGUES LAUGHED AT MY THEORIES. THEY  
CLAIMED MY SERUM WAS A FAKE. BUT ONE DAY  
I BROUGHT THEM TO MY LABORATORY.

THE WOLF  
HE-HES  
DISGUISED  
WOLF.

YOU HEAR YOUR  
GLANT RABBIT  
GHT HERE  
ANYMORE!

HA-HA! A LAME  
STORY! I ALKING  
OWN ROBERTS  
WAS A FAKE!



THEY WOULDN'T BELIEVE ME!  
DESPERATE I TRIED TO REPEAT  
MY SUCCESS. BUT SOMEHOW I  
COULDN'T FIND THE RIGHT  
SERUM AGAIN! I COULDN'T  
ENDURE THE RIDICULE MY  
EFFORTS BROUGHT UPON  
ME!

SO  
YOU  
RAN  
AWAY?



YES, I CAME HERE TO CARRY  
ON MY EXPERIMENTS. THE  
ONLY CREATURES WHO  
INHABITED THE ISLAND  
WERE LARGE CONDOES.  
SO I USED THEM, AND  
SOON I FOUND THE  
SERUM AGAIN.



TWO SPECIMENS DIED  
BECAUSE THEY GREW  
SO LARGE I COULD  
NOT FEED THEM  
PROPERLY. I  
DECIDED MY THIRD  
EXPERIMENT WOULD  
NOT FAIL AND I  
SENT THE CONDOE  
OUT TO FORAGE  
FOR HIMSELF.

YOU SAW  
THAT  
SOONER  
OR LATER  
HE WOULD  
FEED UPON  
HUMAN  
BODIES.



YES... I KNEW  
THAT! BUT I WAS  
WILLING TO MAKE  
THE SACRIFICE  
FOR SCIENCE.

YOU'RE  
A  
MURDERER!









BLACKHAWK





# CHOP CHOP





BOADCHAWK















EVEN YOUR DISGUISE SHOWS YOUR SUPERIORITY! YOU HAVE ACTUALLY GROWN FISTUL, AND HAD PLASTIC SURGERY JOB DONE TO MAKE YOU LOOK LIKE SOMEBODY ELSE!

YOU TALK NONSENSE!



THE IDEA! WITH TO HAVE HIS OWN VICTORY!

AND YOU ARE SO MODEST! YOU WILL NOT ADMIT IT! I AM SURE YOU WILL NOT FIGHT ME ANY LONGER. WE WILL OBEY YOUR EVERY COMMAND DO WHATEVER YOU WANT!



GOOD! HE WILL GO TO MY ESTANCIA AT ONCE!



IS EVERYTHING ALL RIGHT, DON BEPPO?



I AM NOT DON BEPPO, BUT EVERYTHING IS ALL RIGHT!



Meanwhile, at the headquarters of Don Beppo—

I HUNT EVERYWHERE FOR DON BEPPO AND CANNOT FIND HIM!

VERY STRANGE! DON BEPPO SAYS HE ONLY GOES OUT FOR A WALK AND HE HAS NOT YET RETURNED! HE MUST ALL LOOK FOR HIM!



And in a short time, Don Beppo—

FOR SIX HOURS I SIT HERE AND DO NOT WIN ONE GAME OF SOLitaire! IF I WANT TO STAY SIX DAYS I DO NOT RUSSIE UNTIL I WIN!













YOU NEED LESSONS IN MANNERS!

DON BEPPO IS ANGRY! THAT SAYS FOR THEM!



And back on the scene—  
AT LAST! I WON!  
HOW I CAN GO BACK!



BUT DON BEPPO, WE THOUGHT YOU HAD BEEN KIDNAPPED BY DON CESAR! THE MEN HAVE GONE TO RESCUE YOU!

SUCK ADDLISH-NESS! NOW I WILL HAVE TO RESCUE THEM!



And then—  
FROM NOW ON THERE WILL BE NO MORE FIGHTING UNDERSTAND?

DON BEPPO HAS SPOKEN! WE MUST TAKE PEACE!

HE WILL DO ANYTHING TO KEEP HIM FROM GETTING ANGRY WITH US AGAIN!



DID I HEAR SOMEBODY CALL THE HONORS DON BEPPO? THAT IS BLASPHEMY!

DON BEPPO!

THE IMPOSTOR! HE DECEIVED ME! HE REALLY WASH'T DON BEPPO! TO ARMS, MEN! WE CAN KILL THE REAL DON BEPPO WITH EASE!



IT HOPELESS! IT GET MORE COMPLICATED ALL THE TIME AND MORE VIOLENT! DEFINITELY NOT PLACE FOR VACATION! I GO BACK TO BLACKHAWK!



BACK SO SOON. DROP CHOP! COULDN'T YOU FIND A VACATION SPOT?

SURE! WE FIND IT RIGHT HERE WITH BLACKHAWK! IT YELL'S QUITE COMFORTED TO OTHER PLACES!



# Little Nettie's *WAA*

**W**ALKING rapidly through the dense, half-burned, Trapper Boone thought of the long, weary expedition that hung over this part of New York. It had been in existence for nearly a quarter of a century. It had to do with a Mohawk raid on the village of Benson Port in the year 1812.

Trapper Boone immediately questioned his steps. He was now within three miles of the ruins of Benson Port, which had been hurled to the ground during the raid. People—white too—had not rebuilt the village. In fact, they had all moved out of the region because of the Indian expeditions.

An owl hooted dimly in a distant oak, and another screeched from close by. Boone got a quick look around and once over his shoulder, as if he could see anything in this dark place. A little closer, straight he spun. That expedition!

How did it go? Oh, yes. The Heriot family had lived a mile or more from Benson Port. They had cleared a small place which Jed Heriot and his wife grubbed, planted, and raised around for their family to live by. There had been two children in the little family—Barton, aged ten, and his sister, Nettie, then only three.

The Milgrews had crept down upon them one night in 11 and without warning had murdered Jed and his wife and Barton in their beds. They had not found little Nettie. In fact, they had not known about her until they had fired the cabin and the infant's agonized cry came to their ears.

Ever after that, as years went, Nettie's cry could be heard in dark nights in these woods. Of course, most people shrugged off such legend talk. But there were as many who believed in the legend. There were those who had heard the child's screams here in this lonely wood.

Trapper Boone never had, he was happy to admit. Nor did he want to. He wasn't what one'd call superstitious, but then, you never know.

A small animal scurried over his foot and

him, and Boone jumped. The earlier made a rustle in the leaves. Boone turned his eyes still more. He wanted to reach Lonsburgh before morning, where he had left his considerable stock of furs. Old Man Linde always paid a good price for a prime stock.

Trapper Boone wished he could indulge in a smoke, but he refused. No smoke in smoking was reliable anywhere. "Keep yer ha'r as long as you can," was an adage among the trappers of the country. Plenty of them lost their hair to the Indian scalpings before as it was.

It was just about at this point, Boone recalled, that he had been captured once a couple of years back. It had been one and dark, but he'd kept his hair only because he had short hair and straight.

He hunted a little, then, under his breath and wished he was out of the woods. But it was a long one before and he kept in open country. The night seemed to be growing up again. Boone didn't like rain, but one thing it did—it kept the Indians in their camps.

A low dense fog, settling on the leaves. A series of loud lightning squatted across the southern sky. Tap, it looked like one of those summer rain storms breaking. Well, let 'em tip!

It was just then that Boone heard it. The hair on the back of his neck stood up, and a cold hand clucked over about the neck.

"Yes, it was a low, whining wailing of a baby. A baby in trouble. A baby screaming in the flames of a burning cabin. The cry sounded far off, then it seemed nearer. It was hard to tell distances and sounds in the deep woods. But there was the cry again.

"Waa!" gasped Boone as he put on still more speed. "That's her, all right. That's Nettie, a widdle" as "cryin'" in the voice of her mother."

He was near the ruins of the Heriot cabin now. The trail went that way, and there was no going around. So it had to approach over that haunted ruin.

The cry came again. This time it was a low,



counting blades, rising in a sort of cloud  
like.

"Hurry!" said Brown under his breath.  
"Hurry for the island very carefully."

Now the island wasn't dangerous. But still it  
was very dangerous through the dark forest,  
and the walls and other high walls were about.

As Thayer Brown came in, feeling his way  
lighter with great effort of every foot step  
and his strength. "That's right, these children  
are really the good of the world."

Now he was walking through the walls of  
Hawthorne's house. This was not a wall, was  
with the feeling of years. He hurried, hoping  
the walls of this walking body would be more  
again.

But he was not going a hundred yards when  
he was back and again. This time they were  
not dangerous, as if the walls were living. He  
was not to go to the wall, he was not to go  
through the wall, as a wall was not a wall  
again. This was the first feeling of the wall  
as a wall, as a wall, as a wall.

But he didn't think he was the same  
any more. For the feeling was not the same  
as he felt through the wall, as he felt  
in. This was the feeling of the wall, as a wall  
was not a wall, as a wall, as a wall.

The wall was living, as if it was a wall  
as a wall, as a wall, as a wall, as a wall.  
The wall was living, as if it was a wall  
as a wall, as a wall, as a wall, as a wall.

But he was walking in, as if it was a wall  
as a wall, as a wall, as a wall, as a wall.  
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as a wall, as a wall, as a wall, as a wall.

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as a wall, as a wall, as a wall, as a wall.

But he was walking in, as if it was a wall  
as a wall, as a wall, as a wall, as a wall.  
The wall was living, as if it was a wall  
as a wall, as a wall, as a wall, as a wall.

But he was walking in, as if it was a wall  
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as a wall, as a wall, as a wall, as a wall.



BLACKHAWK

# Blackhawk



Not even the Electric Chair spelled Finish to STARK, THE SCOUNDREL!  
How then, could the BLACKHAWKS outwit him? But though he guarded the grim secret of his return to life, he failed to warn the secret that meant his final DOOM!









THAT OTHER PLANET?  
WHERE CAN IT BE  
HEADED AT THIS TIME  
OF NIGHT?

TO THE SAME  
LITTLE TOWN  
WHERE WE'RE  
GONE,  
DOCTOR!



A STREET VENDOR SAYS—

HERE'S DR. TREVOR, LATELY  
HIS EQUIPMENT! HE THINKS HE  
CAN BRING A DEAD  
MAN IF HE HADN'T  
BEEN DEAD TOO  
LONG!

WE'RE WORKING  
FAST! GET TO  
WORK, DR.  
TREVOR—AND  
HOLD BREATH  
SUCCESS!



THE GREEN JUICE OF  
HART KARS PLANTS—  
BLENDED ACCORDING TO  
A FORMULA THAT IS MY  
LIFE WORK!

I'LL BE YOUR DEATH  
WORK, DOC, UNLESS  
YOU DO YOUR  
STUFF RIGHT!



IT'S DONE! NOW,  
QUICK—ARTIFICIAL  
RESPIRATION!

HELP THE  
DOC, YOU TWO!  
DO WHATEVER  
HE TELLS YOU!



SUCCESS!  
HIS PULSE  
HAS BEGUN  
TO BEAT—  
AND HE'S  
BREATHING!

BACK TO  
LIFE, KID!  
YOUR WORK  
DONE!



YOU CAN'T KILL ME! I JUST  
WROTE THE WORLD OF THIS  
SUCCESS!

NOTHING  
TONG!  
YOU'LL  
WROTE  
HORROR!



WHAT WAS  
THAT NOISE?

HE'S ALIVE—  
STARK'S  
ALIVE!







# BLACKMAIL







WELL, IF WE  
COULD ONLY  
KNOW—

THE ONLY WAY TO KNOW IS TO FIND  
OUT, COMMISSIONER! WE'LL REPORT  
SOON! COME ON, GALS!

ON LAND AND OVER SEA  
WE GRAPPLE MYSTERY—  
WE'RE BLACKHAWKS!



MORE STINKBLAG AND  
CHICK DROP DOWN HERE  
AND INVESTIGATE THE  
ROBBERY! THE REST OF  
US GO TO THE NEXT  
TOWN AND LOOK INTO  
THE ROBBERY THERE!

ROGUE!  
I'LL  
PHONE  
YOU AT  
THE  
BANK!



ON THE OFFICE OF A  
WORRIED BANK OFFICIAL—  
THEY TOOK OUR LAST DOLLAR  
OF CASH, DRETT THEM—STOLE  
THE SAFE DEPOSIT OF JEWELS  
AND BONDS! WHAT'S THE  
WORLD COMING TO?

EXCUSE ME  
SIR! A BIG MAN  
W.A. BLUE UNIFORM  
IT WERE TO  
SEE YOU! HE  
CALLED HIMSELF  
BLACKHAWK!



IM INVESTIGATING THAT ROBBERY,  
SIR! CAN YOU IDENTIFY THE  
BANDITS?

THOROUGHLY!  
A STOOKEY MAN  
IN A LEATHER  
JACKET—ROUGH  
DRESSED STOOGE  
WITH WACKING GUNS  
AND GRENADO  
THROWERS—A  
BOSS WITH GRAY  
GLASSES AND A  
GRAY HOOD OVER  
HIS FACE!



I CAN UNDERSTAND  
THE HOOD FOR  
DISGUISE, BUT WHY  
THE GLOVES?  
MAYBE—

LONG  
DISTANCE  
CALL FOR  
BLACKHAWK!



THAT DESCRIPTION, MORE—  
GIVE IT TO ME  
NOW!

HE STOOKEY  
WAS SEEN A  
LEATHER JACKET—  
ROUGH DRESSED  
STOOGE'S WERE  
WACKING GUNS  
AND GRENADE  
THROWERS—A  
BOSS W/ GRAY  
GLASSES AND A  
GRAY HOOD  
OVER HIS  
FACE!















QUICK—OUT AND AT THEM BEFORE THE OTHERS KNOW WHAT'S HAPPENED!

**WAAAAA!**



GET THEIR WEAPONS!

BY JUPITER, AN SAM HAVE GOOD LUCK—THESE SAM GEE-NADRE!



NOW! DIVIDE AND CHASE THEM AROUND TO THE BACK! MAKE EVERY SHOT COUNT!



YI! THEY GOT ME!

BUT NOT ME!



I'M QUICKER ON DER TRIGGER!

AY BAH! QUICKER ON DMS THROW!



HERE THEY COME! GET READY TO FIGHT THEM!

**NO!**  
WE'RE SURROUNDED!







GOT 'EM?

DON'T SHOOT! WE OBTAIN!  
WE SHOULD HAVE KNOWN  
THAT RADIO FLUSH  
WAS A TRICK TO  
TRAP US!



I DON'T SEE  
STARK HERE!  
WHERE IS  
HE?

SO STUBBY  
TOLD YOU  
STARK WAS  
OUR LEADER  
BEFORE HE  
DIED, DID HE?



HE PRAGMATICALLY  
GUESSED IT WITH-  
OUT BEING TOLD!  
YOU, NOT STUBBY,  
CONFIDED IT!

BUT STARK  
GOT AWAY  
FROM YOU—  
WE STILL  
KEEP THE  
REAL  
SECRET!

YOU WON'T TELL!  
BUT WE'LL  
MAKE YOU TELL—  
AND DO IT  
NOW!

TAKE IT  
EASY.  
HENDRICK-  
SON, I'VE  
GUESSED  
STARK'S MAIN  
SECRET—AND  
HOW TO BRING  
IT TO NOTHING!



THE AIRPLANE AT LAST! IT  
HELPED US ROB VICTIMS  
MILES APART—  
NOW IT WILL  
HELP ME  
GET AWAY!



I'LL RECRUIT A NEW  
GANG—PROFIT BY  
THESE MISTAKES—AND  
GET REVENGE ON THOSE  
SELF-APPOINTED  
INSTRUMENTS OF  
JUSTICE!



AWAY!  
NOTHING  
CAN STOP  
ME NOW!





That Mark is wrong! Other wings rise against the sky!

WINGS! DOES YOUR ENGINE PICK UP WHAT MARK DOES?

HAVE OUT! AS BLACKHAWK TELEPHONED—A STRANGE PLANE ON STRANGE BUSINESS!



HE'S IN SIGHT! CLOSE IN FROM THREE SIDES—HERE HE COMES! HE ROSE!

ROGER!

ROGER, ANDRE!



THREE FLYING BUSTARDS! THEY MUST NOT KNOW THAT MY LITTLE CRACK'S ARMED FOR TROUBLE!

HE OPENED FIRE—ALMOST GOT ME! COVER HIM, ANDRE, AND—

REMEMBER BLACKHAWK'S ORDERS! SHOOT ONLY TO SCARE HIM—TURN HIM BACK!



A CURSE ON THEM—THEY'VE DRAINED MY WING! I'LL CAN GET ANOTHER SHOT AT THEM, THEY'LL BE SORRY!



MY GUN—SMASHED! THOSE DEVILS NEVER MISS THEIR MARK!

CLANG!





THEY'RE WAITING  
HE TURN BACK—  
BACK—

AT CLOSE ENOUGH TO  
KEEP HIM HEADED IN—  
NOT CLOSE  
ENOUGH TO  
WRECK HIM!



I'LL CRASH IT  
HERE AT THE  
EDGE OF THE  
CITY. JUMP  
OUT AND ESCAPE  
IN THE BUSHES!



**CRASH!**

I'VE OUT-  
WITTED THEM!  
I'LL RUCK INTO  
THE THICKEST  
COVER—



YOU!

YOU DON'T THINK YOU  
WERE GETTING AWAY,  
DO YOU? I ORDERED  
MY MEN TO SHOOT  
YOU DEAD HERE!



YOU'RE STARK!  
YOU'VE TURNED  
GREEN— BUT  
YOU LOOK LIKE  
THE PHOTOS  
OF STARK!

YES— STARK  
WHO DIED AND  
CAME TO LIFE! BUT YOU  
WILL DIE AND  
**STAY DEAD!**



YOU POOR DREAMER!  
THOUSANDS HAVE  
TRIED TO KILL ME—  
AND NOBODY  
CAME EVEN NEAR  
SUCCESS!



THE TRUGS ALL BAA IN  
LOCAL HAIL-HOUSE!

THIS ONE—

LET HIM GET  
UP! WE  
FINISHED!







# BURP THE TWERP

## MENU

BOILED  
KIDNEYS  
WILL  
BUST  
—  
FRESH  
BROOD  
—  
DRINK  
NOT  
DRINK  
BROOD  
—

AH!



BOY, AM I HUNGRY!  
BETTER DROP IN THERE  
AND EAT! HOPE THE  
FOOD'S GOOD!



WHAT  
SHALL IT  
BE, PLEASE?

BEING A  
SUPER-GUY,  
NATURALLY  
I'LL HAVE  
YOUR SUPER-  
SUPPER!



I SAID A SUPER-  
SUPPER — NOT A  
SOUP SUPPER!  
OH, WELL...

**SLURP!**



WILL YOU  
YUL-BEEZE  
STOP UNWALING  
YOUR SOUP  
SO HARD?

I THOUGHT IT  
TASTED A LITTLE  
HARRY! WHAT'S  
PER TH' MAIN  
COURSE  
BUST



**HASH!**



HOW DO YOU  
EXPECT ME TO  
GET MY IRON?  
TAKE IT  
BACK!

DISGRACE  
ME IN PUBLIC,  
WILL YOU?  
I'LL FIX  
HIM, I  
WILL!



**THERE!**  
ALL THE  
IRON YOU  
CAN EAT!

CLACKETY  
CLACK!

MMMMMM...  
**DELICIOUS!!**  
WHY DIDN'T YOU  
GIVE ME THIS IN  
THE FIRST  
PLACE?

**I'LL DIE!**  
I KNOW  
IT! I'LL  
DIE!









